

71 76

REMEMBER

Mule

© Mike George Thomas, John  
Hestell, Chris Gratorado  
and Chris Devlan.

WITNESS ~~SON~~ ~~SL~~

2





25th (Sunday) May.

Day one, line one and I'm already  
tired of writing the diary - for  
the usual reason, style. There is a  
great deal to say, however, and  
thus, albeit in a rather verbose,  
I will attempt to do.



asked "I've got nothing to say" When  
asked why not he says "No  
comment", then asks me not to  
write it. I ask again. Asked  
he answers, "it's a nice site,  
good news." John is what I call  
Chris (9) "I can't understand the  
retrograde objection" [to the Sociologist,  
Chris, questionnaire]. It seems  
like a rip-off of the rational  
~~the~~ census, without interest,  
without purpose insofar as it fails  
to take into consideration the  
individuality of individuals be they  
archaeologists or, indeed, sociologists  
~~etc~~ (archaeologists are simply  
a & con section of the population  
with a common interest); ~~and how~~  
messier the more interesting and  
relevant subject of ~~why people~~  
~~become~~ how they perceive their



Souket: Is it important and  
- so why? Because it is individually  
entertaining ~ & profound  
social, moral, political (etc)  
relevance? Chris thinks it's  
irrelevant "an enjoyable irrelevance  
sometimes."

Mike: "It is irrelevant, we all  
know that."

At Chris [at this point Chris  
interjects something when, though  
funny, he prefers be excluded  
from the story... ~~As for~~ it's  
too late. Since it's also very  
personal, I (Mike) have acceded  
to this request. Please apply to me  
for further information]. He has  
no problem with any to  
people he has met today. It's a  
great site, a superb situation,



JUSTIN.

JUSTIN.

but he's disappointed that we  
don't get started. "hooking  
forward to it," he says. Then he  
and everybody else start talking  
about food. I don't entirely under-  
stand the connection since I was  
writing at the time. Old Chris  
~~was~~ explains it with an  
anecdote about the war. Prisoners  
of ~~war~~ war only had two topics,  
food and sex. Food comes  
first apparently. The discussion  
of sex begins with a dream  
that ~~Chris~~ (G) relates of about  
David looking fondling young  
girls' breasts. ~~he told me that~~  
~~about this on the way back~~  
he had already told me about  
this, <sup>on the way back from the movie</sup> or maybe <sup>that</sup> he threw  
in "it was young girls  
fondling his breasts".



27th (Monday) May.

JUSTIN → 

John like to <sup>rest</sup> ~~rest~~ as had  
had a good day at ~~last~~ two  
celebrations are about Tony and  
are about ~~at~~ Mike the  
sociologists. ~~They are~~

← JUSTIN.

There is a dash between  
what I (Mike) see as political  
criticism and what John sees  
as personal space —

Chris wouldn't have minded, as a newcomer, a  
brief account of Chris & Barbara's work on site.  
Mike: "They want to get a book out of it, and  
don't give a shit about us".







"Liberal should be in the mind of  
the deprecator, not in the mind of  
the exocurator" old chris.

John is getting really up-tight  
about my (Mike's) alleged  
obstruction of what everyone says.  
Therefore, I'm going to  
pass the story over to him -  
Justin ... !

Who says "Tell me what to work  
and I'll work".

metadramatic

Mike. "I think we have to discuss yesterday's  
little argument, the one which culminated in  
..... Mike being brutally sworn at in front  
of the excavating team. It was horrible  
ugly. Why should anyone swear at Mike? !!!  
Especially one of his yellow supervisors? [Old  
Chris: (Even if it's entirely justified)] Mike  
for one can't understand it. And why



27th (Wednesday) May  
would the other party [who just offered to buy  
Mike a drink] apologise when he'd arranged  
with Sue to get what he wanted all  
along. Interesting". Old Chris does not  
approve of the for form entry,  
or so I (Mike) infer from  
his stream of consciousness probably quite  
rightly. There is the real  
interest of this project (the  
story). Enough said. Oh, it was just  
getting interesting.



2 (Monday) June

Chris (red): "wet". Chris (G): "I don't  
sleep a wink" he felt as if he  
didn't ~~sleep~~ exist because of it.  
~~Chris says he has nothing to say~~  
"Sve bought is some nice cakes."

As I write, both wander off  
on another - more Domesday topic:  
John. It's clear without him. And,  
he says, he's not gone off site at  
all but is living with his  
mother and a bloke called John.  
This would be a reference to the  
site on site. Chris also wants  
to mention how "Carr drinks like  
a trooper."

After yesterday Stuart (who  
was absent) has been behaving  
contagiously - we have all noticed  
this. Unfortunately he cleaned  
Chris's car. He offered to stay in  
my trench, even though not



though, he looked covered,  
I have been fishing  
about for something funny.  
Chris (9) says "nothing's funny" <sup>isn't it?</sup>  
This will be something to  
do with his lack of sleep.  
Old Chris, however, thinks  
as ~~that~~ how she tried to get  
into two cars last  
night - rather hers - with  
him as an unknowing accomplice.

Chris's face looks  
dead - his nose especially.  
Shari - recommended rubbing  
it with a pumice stone.  
Chris rejects this idea but  
still, we hear when he drives  
into his room, "My God, I  
look like a flat head."  
Words like "flat" and  
"dermatological" are current



4th (Wednesday) done.

In the car again. This is a new  
goss.

"No balls," says Chris (ed)  
of Mike, the sociologist. Mike  
was scared shitless sitting in the  
back of Chris's ~~car~~ (4) car the  
evening, ~~the~~ calling it the "Blues  
death machine." Chris is a bit  
pissed off with him because  
when he went round to see him  
for his "sociology" interview, Mike  
begged off ~~because he~~ <sup>was</sup> wanted ~~to~~ a  
show. He was showing his  
belly, Chris said, in his boxer  
shorts: "He looked... like a  
beached whale." "I think he's a  
bit precious" Reliability is im-  
portant you see; when you say  
you'll do something, you do it,  
otherwise you keep your mouth shut.  
At this point - Mike comes



4.05 hour.

in apologizing for "fucking  
you about." I, Mike (ST),  
said his attitude odd. I can't  
say why exactly. He <sup>seems</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>to</sup> ~~be~~  
~~to~~ ~~an~~ ~~interview~~ ~~over~~  
tonight's England Italy match. Chris:  
"This foz goes to show what  
a complete wimp of how it is."  
What is "it"? I wonder. I have  
got it into my mind to interview  
him... [More to follow].

Old Chris accused Mike ST,  
quite unjustly, of hiding his  
shoes. Why would I do that?  
This is an extraordinary accusat-  
ion. Extraordinary is a  
word of Steve's (co-director).  
Chris (4) is using a word of Justice,  
"cool". I assume this is a  
direct by product of project social  
dynamics.



7 (Saturday)

Chris (D) says Border is "used as a symbol of power by those who read it and pretend they understand it"

8th (Monday) June

Today, I (Mike) was bored in the evening for the first time since my arrival here two weeks ago - Eric has moved! ~~He is not~~  
~~he is not~~ he is sat, too. This is unnecessary. I see absolutely no reason why a person should have a blob on their front - 1) it's hideous, 2) it's an extra weight to carry, 3) it wastes sartorial resources, and 4) it is a waste of space - this last is thrown in by John as an aside.



I wholeheartedly agree. ~~However,~~  
~~Eric is ok~~ I have known  
Eric for 3 years. He is  
a really ok, except for the  
sarcasm; ~~an~~ ebullient in the  
pub after a drink, generous  
and ~~optimistically~~ does not  
complain much when ~~pressure~~  
~~authority~~ or things I become  
overbearing in matters of  
extraneous to the immediate dis-  
cussion.

Wayne Kerr. Chris (G)  
told John that Waynes surname  
was Kerr. ~~"Really?"~~ I said  
~~John is infernally~~, ~~saying he~~  
~~and~~ John is fairly infernally  
and believed him. "Really?"  
Chris laughed at the ~~same~~  
name. "Really?" I said. "No"  
Chris laughed, "It's Bennett."



Dan thinks his name is Wayne King, which sounds rather Chinese.

Wayne is much thinner than he was last year - or so it seems. At work he is alone much of the time; ~~for~~<sup>two</sup> out of four days in last 23, he has been on his own. According to one of my team, he said he didn't know why he was doing what he was - out of elevation. I know. This is the survey team - move to my photo roll out. Is he impatient because he's misunderstanding something of my sense, or because it is not of ~~his~~ his? One day he worked at me, and a series of remarks - heard in reports - made me think he's in a prison place.



Wm (Tuesday) line.

The diary is a great  
relief. All day I (we, I suppose)  
have to go around being  
nice. Since I'm not so nice,  
this is difficult. I want  
to say how on reading Eric's  
diary I found, unattributed,  
things I had explained to  
him - repeatedly since it's Eric.  
Obviously, I cannot say this to  
him. ~~But it is interesting~~  
~~because my explanation was~~  
~~made in front of Eric~~ I have  
to live with him. ~~But~~  
the observation is of a quite  
interest, my explanation being  
given in front of Eric, and  
the omission not therefore ex-  
placable in terms of the usual  
self interested paganism.  
~~one expects~~ Perhaps, for ex-



ample, he is unaware of my  
contribution to his thought processes  
or perhaps he is writing for  
the archive. But, I call him to  
his face. The satisfaction  
above is also a relief - Wayne  
Kerr. Maybe he really is the  
creep everybody says he is but  
he's always been very pleasant to  
me, and yet (I'm even because)  
I get enormous pleasure out of it. [I  
am thinking of today. I spoke  
to him briefly outside my  
hut, where he was planning,  
and it did not cross my mind that  
I had been slapping him behind  
his back two days before. As I said,  
I am not so nice].

So, perhaps, it's not such  
this relief. I remember last year's  
glory, excited for our anniversary.



certainly social tensions with,  
I suppose, Big Foot, are  
getting to her. She welcomes  
our relatively untaxing company  
all the more for it.

She was known by old Chris  
as "Auntie Suzie" "I'm not  
like an Auntie," she says,  
but likes the diminutive. One  
day she asked me what I  
thought she did on site. I think  
hers was in response to Tony's  
movement map. I said "part  
of the time you dig, part of  
the time you try to understand  
what what is going on  
and part of the time you 'manage'."  
"Exactly right," she said.

Then, questioning "I suppose  
everyone" [we are talking of  
the excavation team] "knows"  
but? "I am spooked" he says 3



this year. I told her to stop it.  
But I believe she has faith in  
my work now. Before putting  
pen to paper here, I had not  
thought about this, but on  
reflection I find it very  
flattering: it warmed me and it  
boosts, in a way that has  
positive implications in the  
field, my own self confidence.  
It does not make of this is  
a deliberate strategy of hers or  
not. She ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>is</sup> manager ~~there~~,  
and in a way that is quite  
ruthless. "It's all for  
the good of the project," she  
says ~~stuffy~~ blusky. Our tea  
breaks are manipulated, people  
we sent to my teacher by  
"mistake". ~~Every~~ People pay  
for free space. Everything is  
balanced and compensated for.



12 (Wednesday) June

John and Joe look in the fog today. John says he atre enjoyed this, and describe finding himself by a "tree" and wondering how it got there". At that point the fog lifted and he saw the survey team walking across the hill towards him. John is bored. The most exciting thing that has happened to him in terms of digging is finding a collection of WW2 cartridges just above hut 23. He thinks they might be American. It is interesting how they have weathered differently, he says with some enthusiasm. Everybody of course has noted the military hardware about the hill, but not perhaps its true depth.



18/ Thursday ) June.

Went to Anne ~~for~~ for  
~~Anne~~ "I'm not an Anne, that's  
really off!" Suzanne's for Anne.  
She was in the shower. This  
reminds me, Mike, of the last time  
we had a 'date here'. Chris,  
Josh and I were waiting outside  
~~and while Eric~~ and we saw Eric  
through the ~~front~~ window of  
Cecilia's bathroom: note. I  
pointed this out to John. He says  
he didn't look but I remember him  
blushing. Whether this was  
prompted by the color or the fact  
I don't know.

"Eric says - of the three of us -  
there's real 'sue' unity... except for  
Mike who ate all the chocolate."  
~~That's all~~ It is already established  
that I am ~~not~~ a god.



we talk for a long time of  
wayre. "he used to be much  
fun last year and he funny  
thing is what he says often  
seen to have much wayre  
to it ... its as though in  
losing weight he's lost his  
substance, " says Src. We  
also talk a lot of - what's  
his name - Eric; in fact  
talk keeps ~~wandering~~ wandering  
off into personalities. Not  
~~Chris, however, or~~ Big foot,  
however, or Barbara ~~for~~  
~~only in passing~~ why is  
this, I wonder. Probably  
because, " says Src " we don't  
engage with them ... maybe  
left our world, there's no  
minute that Chris exists  
in the caravan - he's so high  
[mixes values] whereas Src



Shows all over the card<sup>4</sup>  
~~talking for the day.~~

I pass from as usual for  
a comment - it occurs to  
me that the foregoing paragraph  
is entirely made up of quote  
from Src, and note to  
contrast, yet all evening  
both have been fairly talkative.  
Again Src throws in a  
grotable remark when I must  
stew. He admits an awareness  
of how little he has to say  
now compared to her.

The meal has gone well,  
however. Src's an excellent  
cook. I ask John to confirm  
the "Yeah" he says  
echoing my appreciation. We  
have invited her back, observing



how to manage Eric. I suggest  
that he can't come. Maybe <sup>JUSTIN</sup>  
we'll all go from Carson to  
Carson, he selected few  
only going on: me, Sue, John,  
~~the~~ <sup>Angus</sup> Penny, and Tony are selected.  
Again Chris and Barbara are  
excluded.

Justin has been told about  
Games, Patagonian puss puss (Sue:  
# 11- sounds a bit ramby  
ramby to me ~~ramby~~) and Dumping  
Jack by, respectively, Mike  
(sociologist) and, inevitably, getting  
in on the game, Eric. In  
Patagonian puss puss you pick up a  
person and run away with  
him; in Dumping Jack, you  
dump on him. Sue again:  
"I don't know which is more  
preferable."



"Who wants a mirror?"

"I don't much like things of my own age."

"They're a kind of ducky colour."

"I don't need colour, I have personality."

"Justin's blue socks are an expression of the insecurity of his person."

"I can't say I saw any parts... I saw  
# a strap go on."

"I wish I had seen this as a first year  
# undergraduate."

"One of you has got to go in the shower  
and do something."

"You ask Chris, I bet he saw."

"He probably had a shower in someone else's  
cave."

"I think snads probably illegal. It should be  
illegal if it isn't."

"The man cares about his bar!"

"Just put it away! Go on Mike put it  
# back. Tuck it in again."

"You're doing it again. Or are you drunk?"

"What did you do when you had the gun?"



"Edinburgh".

"Just up from the streets".

"You're not to put anything down".

"It's not the truth".

"It's plausible".

"It's not at all ~~the~~ plausible".

"I wasn't. I was the color seker".

"You would be, wouldn't you?".

"It wasn't a stranger".

"Why do you want to know about  
everyones virginity".

"So it takes just gratuitous pleasure".

"Probably his wife's lover's".

"Liz (convinced) that this woman  
that he lived with was someone  
he'd ~~...~~ In the 70's we  
actually had sex, in the 80's you  
just wanted it".

"He was probably quite despicable".

"He said something about doing it in  
a bus shelter".

"Blimey".



~~you take a moment~~

Put an olive pit in Big ~~Foot~~ Foot  
wedges - they look huge.

13 (Friday) June.

Day off. Enc is amazing. He  
sits on Mike (sociologist)'s  
questionnaire only because he's come  
up with what he thinks is a  
good joke in answer to the  
question "What is your marital  
status?" "Happy." He argued  
for for minutes on the basis  
of the exact meaning of marital,  
which means within marriage,  
not whether one is in it.

In the evening we look at  
Crystal's photographs. Thus



asks an interesting question:  
Does political correctness mean  
dishonesty? ~~we~~ we think  
thus because we cannot believe  
people actually think them  
good. This is too bad  
because crystal means well.  
It is just that she is a lovely  
photographer.

~~the first thing I saw when I  
went to the office was a  
big black cat sitting on the  
desk. I was very surprised  
because I had never seen  
one before. It was very  
friendly and I liked it very  
much.~~



"It's only because you're very dirty people. I had a very empty, or, thing."

"Oh, you have used one."

"You could work it out but it's a bit odd."

"I'm a trespasser, I can't be fashionable."

"Possibly I've got some Hebrew in me."

"He's the man that doesn't like me."

"It's like waiting for a great train to crash at the moment."

"How's your head?"

"It's dog eat dog."

"Possibly they don't have the same sensitivity that I have."

"He might have been dazzling you, but deliberately he would not be."

"He was behaving exactly like a police car."

"No, no, there's more to it."

"It got smashed up."

"Absolute bastards."

"No, I know him domestically."

"Oh don't be mean, I'm d-k, I can go for war?"



"I can't remember what to do"

"This thing is wearing backwards -  
forwards, she doesn't get the hang  
of it at all."

"Fat chap, sometimes".

"Sometimes, yeah, yeah".

"Real sort of triple..."

"It's very complicated, you get the picture,  
it's a very complicated thing".

"Complete prick".

"Apart from anything else, he's a licker".

"I have, I tried (very hard)".

"I haven't tried to him, he's tried to me".

"Bollocks".

"Well, keep going, we'll have to produce  
one".

"It's the sort of thing you take back with  
your sheep".

"All my relatives say I'm just going off for  
my messages".

\* "First of all they're soft".

"I'd like to try it, out of curiosity ~~but~~ not  
~~W~~



"I'm sure it's horrible".

"If there ~~is~~ is a crusty bit, it's on the outside".

"Yes he did".

"It's got an undertaste".

"It had to be hooked out with a knife & fork".

"They didn't have to call a teacher".

"You're too high already".

"You're got a short upper half, very unfortunate".

"It's unnecessarily gross".

"A stick chutted".

"What do you mean by chutted".

"I really would quite like to have something".

"Couldn't you give a bit up a soldier".

"I'd like something I could keep".

"He used to bring me little presents, sweets & true".

"I look just like John Wayne in stage coach".

"I have not got it in my pocket".



"You're not into that sort of thing are you?"

"They'll get slapped round the chops!"

"There is no difference having this  
bit here, to this bit here."

"Certainly my jacket would be less likely  
to come in contact with anything."

"Guns hit you up."

"My legs don't hit either side of it - it  
does gross damage between."

"For God you get the balls."

"The person that sent it to me.... put it  
in an envelope."

"Fondling your girls breasts."

"Following?"

"I lost his telephone no. for a strategic  
reason."

"This is a game, there's none on for  
that sort of thing."

"It might just go in."

"That's a banana."

"I put one in her coat today, but she  
started it by styling creases in my t-shirt."



Eric has gone to bed. Mike is upset  
that I have written 4 sides worth  
of diary, fearing I've gone too far.  
Geomorphologists ~~has~~ appeared in our  
bar, we are having dates, yoghurt,  
cream and other munchies.

15th (Sunday) June.

"Have you got the keys to the  
van... oh, sorry. I thought  
you were out there." "Are  
you working for the phone?" And  
"The day ~~the~~ films appear."

John's communications with  
Bigfoot till now. Bigfoot replied  
immediately, basically to all, "Ugh".

John came in yesterday  
to photograph on private  
space. He saw my Brother.  
"Good work" he said. It is not  
a good work, it is my coffee.



pot stand and it's not a good  
coffee pot stand. When he  
pot is really hot it should  
boil. He is a pot. He  
asked me today when he  
could interview me. I said, "Any  
time." "But then that eats  
into my personal time" he  
said "well if you don't think  
it's important enough  
don't bother." "Of course you  
are important. You're a member  
of the project." Clearly we each  
have our work here  
differently. When we are on  
site the anthropologists have  
for up and are cooking  
bubble and speak. When the  
sociologists work it is at the  
expense of the excavation. I  
on the other hand work  
all day, on and off site alike.



Good book indeed. Page 72.  
Strains to the habitus, paragraph  
one . . .

Mike tells me I'm an epicure, because I  
enjoy a good ~~glass~~ bottle of red wine. "Shouldn't  
that be epicurean?" says Eric, who doesn't  
like red wine.

"Is the orange off?"

21st (Saturday) June

Tonight I am a "guest" of Justin, Mike  
and Eric. Eric had cooked his own  
meal by the time I arrived. Justin  
and I chopped vegetables and  
cooked while Mike lay on the sofa  
with his legs propped up and  
complained about being unappreciated  
while we provided the most excellent  
meal. Eric unfortunately spoiled  
his good stalwart performance of  
the day (keeping Chippy in the  
on-site win) by chopping ~~na~~



off the end of our Brie & de Meaux  
Which we offered to him. Justin  
provided the music - relaxing  
50's Zimmer-frame music.  
Mike + Justin provided the wine -  
Indispensable Australian Shiraz.  
The caravan is filled with rain sodden  
rucksacks & the like. Good  
humour mostly abounds in spite  
of an awfully rain saturated day -  
..... Mike gaining enough  
humour - to renew the masking  
tape around my / Justin's drawing  
board. No doubt this is caravan -  
digging life at its best? (Sue)

KERR OR KING? WHICH IS MOST APPROPRIATE?

A number of my (Mike's)  
colleagues are lazy. Mike (socialist  
guy) never finishes anything.



As soon as he gets home he  
dears off to write his diary.  
On bad weather days he stays  
home to write his diary. I bribed  
him with our one feature.

"If I offer you this, will  
you remember?" "Yes" he said  
at once. Then, perhaps realizing  
what he'd given away - assuming I  
am correct in my assessment  
of him - he forgot his  
answer. 1 day he features. That  
contrasts with my plan to  
blaze away ~~again and again~~ an  
-shire.

Helen is another one: a  
taker. She is wholly  
careless of those around her. We  
wait for her, we clear up  
after her. She takes our hospitality,  
she takes BA money, <sup>she takes</sup> we're <sup>the</sup>  
poor discrimination, ~~the~~ / spending



4th. She should be in the  
survey team. Today she was late.  
I had to wait for her.  
When she got on she left a  
bowl scooped grapefruit in the back  
of my van and a dirty tea  
cup & furrows, I threw ~~the~~ it  
~~grapefruit~~ ~~at~~ ~~on~~ on the ground  
after her. On the way back  
she went in Eric's car. I

particularly dislike Helen because  
she pretends to like me.

Mike, joking, pulled the  
same expression - gave up  
tired out - he had a whole  
interrogation. This makes me  
wonder about him, is he real  
or is he not? It is easy  
to conclude that all  
these people (except Helen)  
are frauds. The only things that  
discourage me from this view



one 1) the elaborateness of it all,  
2) a belief that people are  
not so sophisticated, and 3) a  
reaction against paranoia. But who  
knows what a socio-anthropological  
training entails? Maybe ~~a~~  
~~a~~ knowledge of the foregoing.

Tony is much more  
straightforward. We know what  
he's up to. "Watch him,"  
I am warned, "he's dear." But  
I'm not so sure. Of course he's  
not stupid, I'm not suggesting  
that, but his consistency  
- wanting to interview my team  
in my time, accusing Eric of  
"setting the agenda" because of  
his ~~at~~ reluctance to  
give up people during precious  
digging time, dealing with me  
to have me transcribe his  
finds, i.e. his dear view of



his pre-eminent position in the  
project is at the style.  
Compared to this Mike is  
a ~~dead~~ dead very  
short. Take your pick.  
Tony is easier to delete. In  
that way exactly he is like  
Eric. The difference is  
Tony is much smarter than  
Eric. his questions, though  
naïve like Mike, give  
you the opportunity not to be  
an answerer or reply. They are  
the best sort of questions in  
fact, of the intention  
is to know or to question,  
because they ~~allow~~ allow  
you to look into his eye. What  
on the hill is, natural,  
colours, ambiguous? Position,  
shape, weather, feeling,  
relationships; bones, muscles, vs,



as; he explains (part), the  
works, the various state of the  
settlement etc, / ~~Fancy answers~~  
~~Michael~~ / I answer. Very fancy.

~~Big Fool has~~

2... Something (Thursday) here.

Big Fool has this evening said  
"hello" to John. This double  
~~he~~ he means of syllables  
addressed by him to John at  
any one time ~~for~~. A great  
improvement!

John and I had dinner with  
Sue ... she dangled her hair around  
in her soup. Later we ~~catch~~ he  
gently he hair back and brushing.  
"I look all the time" she ~~says~~  
said "when I mentioned this"



177 SHE COULDN'T CHEW IT







35 28



The Unpublished Leskernick Diaries (1)  
The Excavation Supervisors' "Caravan Diary", 1997



This diary was compiled by Justin Russell [JR] and Mike Seager Thomas [MST], as part of the *UCL Bronze Age Settlements and Landscapes of Bodmin Moor Project*. It records the comments and views of residents and visitors to the Summer 1997 Leskernick excavation "supervisors" caravan. Originally handwritten, it was transcribed—with some additions—by Mike Seager Thomas in November 1997, at which time it was made available to the Project directors. This file includes both the transcription and the original.

*Occupants of the caravan*

Old Chris (Chris Derham)—excavator

Young Chris (Chris Greatorex)—excavation supervisor (LSS)

Eric—excavation supervisor (LSS)

Justin (Justin Russell) [JR]—excavation planner

Mike (Mike Seager Thomas) [MST]—excavation supervisor (LSW)

*Excavators referred to*

Angus

Ceri

Dan

Gary—excavation supervisor

Helen—excavation supervisor

Penny

Stuart

*Project directors*

Barbara (Barbara Bender)

Big Foot (Chris Tilley)

Sue (Sue Hamilton)

*Sociologists*

Mike [W]

Tony

*Surveyors referred to*

Crystal

Wayne

*Visiting "characters"*

David Rudling—then director of Archaeology South-East



## **Sunday 25th May**

Day one, line one and I'm already tired of writing the diary—for the usual reason, *style*. There is a great deal to say, however, and this, albeit in an edited version, I will attempt to do. [MST—a large space follows]

Justin: "I've got nothing to say." When asked why not he says, "No comment" then asks me not to write it. I ask again; pushed, he answers: "It's a nice site, good views." Justin is not a talker.

Young Chris: "I can't understand the method objectives (of Mike [W]'s [I wrote "Chris's"] questionnaire). It seems like a rip-off of the national census, without interest, without purpose insofar as it fails to take into consideration the individuality of individuals be they archaeologists *or* sociologists (archaeologists are simply a cross section of the population with a common interest), missing the more interesting and relevant subject of *how* they perceive their subject. Is it important and if so why? Because it is individually entertaining or of profound social, moral, political (etc.) relevance?" Chris thinks it's irrelevant "... an enjoyable irrelevance sometimes." [MST]

Mike: "It's irrelevant, we all know that." [MST]

At this point, one of us interjected a note of bathos, remarking, "I can't believe how fat Barbara Bender is!" No doubt this was unkind but the impression was a genuine one... the same person later remarked a tradition of humour in archaeology which does not pull its punches.

Old Chris. He has no problem with any of the people he has met today. It's a great site, a superb situation, but he's disappointed that work didn't get started. "Looking forward to it," he says. Then he, and everybody else, start talking about food. Writing, I miss the connection. Old Chris explains it with an anecdote about the war. Prisoners of war only had two topics, food and sex. Food comes first apparently. The discussion of sex begins with a dream Young Chris had the night before. In it, David Rudling is fondling young girls breasts; or, is it young girls fondling David Rudling's breasts? I still don't see the connection. [MST]

## **Monday 27th May**

Justin, like the rest of us, has had a good day, but he has two reservations: Tony and Mike, the sociologists. Tony was damn right rude; Mike too touchy feely. One man's political correctness is another man's personal space. Mike is not entirely plausible. His digging is clean—there is no doubt that he has dug before—but when I asked him about West Heslerton, where he says he was supervisor, he could tell me nothing about it, not even the date of the site. I keep remembering how on learning that a group of Bodmin excavators in Sue's office included the three supervisors his behaviour changed [MST]

Chris [G] wouldn't have minded, as a newcomer, a brief account of Chris [T]'s



and Barbara's work on site.

Mike: "They want to get a book out of it, and don't give a shit about us." [JR—another large space follows]

**Tuesday 27th May** [presumably an incorrect date]

Old Chris. One day blurs into the next.

Young Chris. He feels disconnected from the world, like he's floating away.

Old Chris. It's the lack of reference points outside archaeology.

Justin. At least we've got our own space (in reference to staying in a caravan rather than a B&B, the usual accommodation of a Unit archaeologist).

Old Chris: Justin is messy.

Old Chris: "I didn't say any such thing!" [MST]

Mike takes things you say completely out of context to make sound bytes [JR]

Old Chris: "The weather's going to be fine tomorrow... we're going to hack the back." [of hut 39]

Old Chris: "Ritual should be in the mind of the depositor, not the mind of the excavator." [MST]

Justin is getting really up-tight about my [Mike ST's] alleged distortion of what everybody—and anybody—says. Therefore, I hand the diary over to him. "Tell me what to say," he says "and I'll write." [MST]

Melodramatic Mike [ST]: "I think we have to discuss yesterday's little argument, the one which culminated in Mike being sworn at in front of the excavating team." [He and Young Chris had quarrelled over the assignment of students. I [Mike] didn't want rubbish in hut 23, he [Chris] didn't want rubbish in hut 39] "It was horrible, ugly. Why should anyone swear at me? Especially a fellow supervisor?"

Old Chris [interjecting]: "Even if it's entirely justified?"

"I can't understand it. And why would the other party" (who is at the bar, having just offered to buy Mike a drink) "apologise when he'd arranged with Sue to get what he wanted all along? Interesting." [JR]

It is clear from his expression that Old Chris does not approve of the foregoing entry. The topic is closed. This is a pity because I believe that it is here that the interest of the project—the diary at least—lies. To a sensitive person, unreconciled to the whole (truth?), it may be destructive, but how else are we fully to understand what is going on. *I* cause *my* effect. This is a general rule, applying equally to, and across, private and professional life—including archaeology. [And yes, Barbara, I am a professional. Not a "digger"—which frankly is not PC—but an archaeologist. MST]

Enough said. [JR]



## **Sunday 1st June**

I am disappointed that Old Chris, with the rest of the excavation team, has elected to approach the hill from Westmoorgate, not the more attractive Bowithick route. Very sensibly he explains, "I do my exercise at work." Sue and I walk it alone. If only those amongst survey team who criticised the rest of us last year for deliberately taking a different route could see this. I have timed the two journeys. It takes an extra ten to fifteen minutes driving to reach Westmoorgate, not much less than is added to the walk from Bowithick. For this difference, we swap a steamed up windscreen for the open air, the dinosaur park (the rock stream at Bowithick), the hunched back of the hill, across which we are cutting several paths, and—as it has turned out—an appreciation of the morning uncluttered by variable company. Freedom! It is how *I* spend my holidays; and I get it as part of a day's work. Some days of course I'm tired. The days when I would loiter and the days when I would step out—perhaps to the Rising Sun—do not necessarily coincide with those on which Sue would do the same thing. The compromise can be either tiring or boring. But less so than that to and *particularly* from Westmoorgate. Hopefully, Old Chris will see this route before he goes. He does not have last year's familiarity (I was *never* bored last year). He would not be overshadowed by the surveyors and their desire to make an honest difference an issue of debate and contention. Just walking, the hills rising about him on all sides, he too would get that sensation—I do not know whether it is real, perhaps a physical thing, or a psychological construct—of freedom, when life fills out within you. [MST]

## **Monday 2nd June**

[As on other days, I asked for my fellow archaeologists for their impressions and feelings on the day]

Old Chris: "Wet."

Young Chris: "I didn't sleep a wink." He felt as if he didn't exist because of it. He added: "...Sue brought some nice cakes." As I write, both wander off on another—more domestic—topic, Justin. It's tidier without him. "And" he says "he's not gone off site at all but is living with his mother and a bloke called John," referring to his sister, Delia, who looks just like him and who is staying on the caravan site. Chris also wants me to put down how "Ceri" [one of the students] "drinks like a trooper."

After yesterday, Stuart (who did not turn up) has been behaving contritely—we have all noticed this. He cleaned Chris's car! Though wet through, he offered to stay in my trench. He *looked* cowed.

I fish around for something funny. "Nothing funny's happened today," says Young Chris, tired. Old Chris, however, reminds us that Sue tried to get into two caravans last night—neither hers, "using me as an unknowing accomplice!" Young Chris's face looks dreadful—his nose especially (Stuart had recommended rubbing it with a pumice stone). Chris rejects the idea, but, when he disappears into his room, we hear exclaimed: "My God, I look like a total dick head!" Words like dermatological and flaky remain current in the



caravan. [MST]

### **Wednesday 4th June**

"No balls," says Old Chris of Mike, the sociologist. Mike was scarred shitless in the back of Young Chris's car this evening, calling it the "Blues Death Machine." Young Chris is a bit pissed off with him because when he went round to see him for a pre-arranged "sociology" interview, Mike begged off—wanting a shower! He was showing his belly, Chris said; in his boxer shorts: "He looked... like a beached whale. I think he's a bit precious." Reliability is important, you see—when you say you'll do something, you do it; otherwise you keep your mouth shut.

At this point, Mike comes in apologising for "fucking you about." I find his attitude odd: I can't say why exactly. He offers an interview over tonight's England/Italy match. "This just goes to show" says Young Chris when he's gone "what a complete lump of toss it is!" Not being a fan of either—football or Mike's formulae—I amuse myself with the thought that Chris means the former. By this time, I have got it in my mind to interview Mike, *the sociologist*. [MST]

Old Chris accused me, quite unjustly, of hiding his shoes. Why would *I* do that? This is an extraordinary accusation. The idiom here is Sue's. Chris is using a word of Justin's: cool. This is project social dynamics at work. [MST]

### **Saturday 7th June**

Old Chris: "[Bordieu] is used as a symbol of power by those who read it and pretend they understand it." I use *Outline of A Theory of Practice* as a coffee pot stand. [MST]

### **Monday 8th June**

Today, I was bored for the first time since my arrival here two weeks ago—Eric has arrived.

Wayne Kerr. Young Chris told Justin that Wayne's surname was Kerr. Dan thinks his name is Wayne King, which sounds rather Chinese.

Wayne is much thinner than he was last year—or so it seems. At work he is alone much of the time; two out of four visits to hut 23 he has been by himself. According to one of my team, he said he didn't know why he was doing what he was—roll out elevations. *I* know. This is the survey team's answer to my photo roll-outs. Is he impatient because he's mimicking something of my device, or because it is not of his? One day he winked at me, and a series of remarks—heard and reported—make me think he's in a promiscuous phase.

A lot of nasty things are said about Wayne, some in fun, some not. But I think he's probably okay. [MST]



## **Tuesday 10th June**

The diary is a great relief. All day, I (we, I suppose) have to go around being nice. Since I am not so nice, this is difficult. I want to say how, on reading Eric's diary, I found, unattributed, things I had explained to him—repeatedly, since it is Eric. Obviously, I cannot say this to him. I have to live with him. But the observation is of definite interest, my explanation being given in front of Sue, and the omission not therefore explicable in terms of the usual self interested plagiarism one encounters in archaeology. Perhaps, for example, he is unaware of my contribution to his thought processes. Or perhaps he is writing for the archive. Fat, I call him to his face. The gratuitous abuse is also a relief: Wayne Kerr. Maybe *he* [Wayne] really is the creep everybody says he is but he's always been very pleasant to me, and yet I get enormous pleasure out of it.

Sue, perhaps, does not have this relief. I remember last year's diary, edited for our consumption. Social tensions with Big Foot—I assume it is him—are getting to her. She welcomes our *relatively* untaxing company all the more for it. Sue was known by Old Chris as Auntie Susie. "I'm not like an auntie," she says, but likes the diminutive. One day she asked what I thought she did on site. I think this was in response to Tony's movement map. I said, "Part of the time you dig; part of the time you try to understand what's going on; and part of the time you manage." "Exactly right!" she said; then, questioning: "I suppose everyone [in the excavation team] knows that?" I am spared The Face this year. I told her to stop it. But she has confidence in my work now. I have not thought about this before, but on reflection I find it very flattering: it warms me and it boosts, in a way that has positive implications in the field, my own self confidence. It does not matter if this is a deliberate strategy of hers or not. Sue is manager, and in a way that is quite ruthless. "It's all for the good of the project," she says bluffly. Our tea breaks are manipulated. People are sent to LSW by "mistake". People pay for free space. I am told repeatedly to behave tactfully to Big Foot and Barbara. Everything is balanced and compensated for. My God, I bet she wishes she could say what she really thought. Presumably it is because they have, that members of the excavation team were never allowed to see Big Foot and Barbara's diaries. Shall I take this as an acknowledgment by them of our worth to the project: they think we're good, they don't want to lose us? I wonder. [MST]

## **Wednesday 12th June**

Both Justin and I got lost in the fog today. Justin says he rather enjoyed this, and describes finding himself by a tree "and wondering how it got there?" At that point the fog lifted and he saw the survey team walking across the hill towards him. Justin is bored. The most exciting thing that has happened to him in terms of "digging" is the discovery just above Hut 23 of a collection of WW2 cartridges. He thinks they might be American. It's interesting how they've weathered differently, he says with some enthusiasm. Everybody of course has



noted this military hardware about the hill, but not perhaps its time depth. At Easter I found a complete magazine near to Hut 39. "Excavators" and "surveyors" alike pick it up. There is a small collection now next to Hut 23 and the least attractive of the artworks around Hut 28, which reminds me of a fetish, incorporates a few more pieces. [MST]

### **Thursday 13th June**

Went to Auntie "I'm not an auntie, that's really off!" Susie's for dinner. When we arrived at the caravan she was in the shower. This reminds me of the last time we had a date here. Young Chris, Justin and I were waiting outside and we saw Sue through the frosted window: naked. I pointed this out to Justin. He says he didn't look but I remember him blushing. Whether this was prompted by the idea or the fact, I don't know.

Sue says—of the *three* of us—"there is real site unity... except for Mike who ate the chocolate." It is long established that I am the sod. We talk for a long time of Wayne. "He used to be much fatter last year and the funny thing is what he says doesn't seem to have much weight to it... it's as though in losing weight he's lost his substance," says Sue. We also talk a lot of—what's 'is name—Eric. In fact talk *keeps* wandering off onto personalities. Not Big Foot, however, or Barbara. Why is this? I wonder aloud. "Probably because," says Sue, "we don't engage with them... they've left our world, there's no reminder that Chris exists in this caravan."

As usual I press Justin for a comment [it occurs to me that the foregoing paragraph is made up entirely of quotes from Sue, and yet all evening *both* were talkative]. Sue throws in a quotable remark and Justin admits how little he has to say compared to her. The meal goes well. Sue is an excellent cook, Justin and I agree, and we invite her back, discussing together how to manage Eric. I suggest that he can't come. Maybe we'll all rove from caravan to caravan, a selected few only going on. Justin and I are selected from our caravan. Sue is selected from hers. From the other caravans Penny, Angus and Tony are selected. Again Big Foot and Barbara are excluded.

Justin has been told about games, Patagonian Puss-Puss (Sue: "It sounds a bit namby pamby to me.") and Jumping Jack by, respectively, Mike and Eric. In Patagonian Puss-Puss you pick up a person and run away with him; in Jumping Jack, you jump on him. Sue again: "I don't know which is more preferable." [MST]

"Who wants a mirror?"

"I don't much like things of my own age"

"They're a kind of sludgy colour."

"I don't need colour, I have personality."

"Justin's blue socks are an expression of the insecurity of his person."

"I can't say I saw any parts... I saw a strap go on."

"I wish I'd seen this as a first year undergraduate."

"One of you has got to go in the shower and do something."

"You ask Chris; I bet he saw."

"He probably had a shower in someone else's caravan."



"I think that's probably illegal. It should be illegal if it isn't."  
 "The man cares about his bar."  
 "Just put it away! Go on Mike, put it back. Tuck it in again."  
 "You're doing it again. Or are you drunk?"  
 "What did you do when you had the gin?"  
 "Edinburgh."  
 "Just up from the sticks."  
 "You're not to put anything down."  
 "It's not the truth."  
 "Its plausible."  
 "Its not at all plausible."  
 "I wasn't. I was stone cold sober."  
 "You would be, wouldn't you."  
 "It wasn't a stranger."  
 "Why do you want to know about everyone's virginity?"  
 "So it was just gratuitous pleasure?"  
 "Probably his wife's lover's."  
 "I'm convinced that this woman that he jived with was someone he'd... In the 70s we actually had sex, in the 50s you just wanted it."  
 "He was probably quite desirable."  
 "He said something about doing it in a bus shelter."  
 "Blimey." [JR]

Put an olive pit in Big Foot's huge wellies—the Idean Caves. [MST]

### **Friday 13th June**

Day off. Eric is amusing. He fills out Mike's questionnaire only because he's come up with what he thinks is a good joke in answer to the question, "What is your marital status?": "Happy." He argued this for ten minutes on the basis of the exact meaning of the word marital, which means (?) within marriage, not whether one is in it. [MST]

In the laundry, I look at Crystal's photographs. They raise an interesting question: does political correctness mean dishonesty? Or is it that people don't want to question Big Foot's expressed judgement? Big Foot's best friends on this project are on the excavation team. When I say good morning to him (despite Sue's frequent requests that I be nice to him), I actually mean it. The same goes for most of us. If we take the piss, it's the honest piss. The same cannot be said of the survey team. They talk to him because he's Chris Tilley, author of *A Phenomenology of the Landscape* etc., and a man of likely influence. I think this because I cannot believe people actually think her rubbish good. This is a pity because Crystal may mean well. She is just a lousy photographer, and—until the survey team can bring itself to express an honest criticism—likely to remain so. Either way, for Crystal's, Big Foot's and the project's sake, I can only express my contempt. [MST]

[In the pub] "It's only because you're very dirty people."



"O, you *have* used one."  
 "One could work it out, but it's a bit odd."  
 "I'm a trend-setter: I can't be fashionable."  
 "It's like waiting for a great train to crash at the moment."  
 "It's dog eat dog."  
 "Possibly they don't have the same sensitivity that I have."  
 "Absolute bastards."  
 " O, don't be mean, I'm okay. I can go forward."  
 "I can't remember what to do."  
 "This thing is weaving backwards and forwards; she doesn't get the hang of it at all."  
 "Apart from anything else he's a lick-arse."  
 "I have, I tried very hard."  
 "I haven't lied to him, he's lied to me."  
 "Bollocks!"  
 "Well, keep going, he'll have to produce one."  
 "Its the sort of thing you take back with your fish and chips."  
 "What fish and chips are those?"  
 Impatiently: "O..."  
 "First of all they're soft."  
 "I'd like to try it out of curiosity, but I'm sure it's horrible."  
 "If there's a crusty bit, it's on the outside."  
 "Yes he did."  
 "It's got an aftertaste."  
 "It had to be hacked out with a knife and fork."  
 "An *aftertasty*."  
 "They didn't have to call a teacher."  
 "You're too high already."  
 "You've got a short upper half? Very unfortunate."  
 "Needlessly meretricious."  
 "Couldn't you go and chat up a soldier?"  
 "I'd like something I could keep."  
 "He used to bring me little presents, that's true."  
 "Hmm..."  
 "I look just like John Wayne in *Stagecoach*."  
 "There are certain types. We all look like Hollywood film stars: Eric Gene Kelly, Chris Harvey Keitel, Mike John Wayne, Gary Farley Granger."  
 "And Big Foot Akhenaten. O... he wasn't a film star."  
 "No, I have *not* got it in my pocket."  
 "You're not into that sort of thing , are you?"  
 "They'll get slapped round the chops."  
 "My legs don't fit either side of it—it does gross damage in-between."  
 "For 40p you get the balls."  
 "The person who sent the letter to me..."  
 "... put it in an envelope."  
 "Fondling young girls breasts."  
 "I lost his telephone number for a strategic reason."  
 "That's a banana."  
 "I put one in her coat today, but she started it by stuffing one down my T-



shirt." [JR—edited by MST]

Eric has gone to bed. Mike is upset that I have written four sides worth of diary, fearing I've gone too far. Geomorphologists appeared in the bar. We are having dates, yoghurt, cream and other munchies. [JR]

### ***Sunday 15th June***

Justin's communications with Big Foot till now: "Have you got the keys to the van... O sorry, I thought you were Old Chris." "Are you waiting for the phone?" "The cling film's ripped." Big Foot replied monosyllabically to all. "Ugh" ? [MST]

Tony came in yesterday to photograph our private space. He saw my Bordieu. "Good book," he said buoyantly. It is not a good book, it is my coffee pot stand, and it is not a good coffee pot stand. Tony is a prat. He asked me today when he could interview me. I said, "After work." "But then it eats into *my* personal time," he said. "Well if you don't think it's important enough, don't bother," I said. "Of course you're important," he replied. "You're an integral part of the Project." Clearly we each value our work here differently. When we—the excavating team—are on site, the anthropologists have just got up and are cooking bubble and squeak. When the sociologists work, it is at the expense of the excavation. I on the other hand work all day, on and off site. Good book indeed. Page 72: Structures and the Habitus, paragraph one... Bollocks. [MST]

Mike [ST] tells me I'm an epicure, because I enjoy a good bottle of red wine. "Shouldn't that be Epicurean?" says Eric, who doesn't like red wine. "Is the orange off?" [JR]

### ***Friday 20th June***

A number of my colleagues are lazy. Mike [W] never finishes anything. As soon as he gets bored he clears off to write his diary. On bad weather days he stays home to write his diary. I bribed him with our one cut feature: "If I offer you this, will you reconsider [staying]?" "Yes," he said at once. After lunch, perhaps realizing what he had given away, he did not return. In the end, I dug the feature. Contrast this with my team, now only two people—Angus and Dan. They slave away rain or shine and between them have excavated the greater part of Hut 23. [MST]

### ***Saturday 21st June***

Tonight I am a "guest" of Justin, Mike and Eric. Eric had cooked his own meal by the time I arrived. Justin and I chopped vegetables while Mike lay on the sofa with his legs propped up and complained about being unappreciated while we produced the most excellent meal. Eric unfortunately spoilt his good



stalwart performance of the day (keeping chirpy in the driving on-site rain) by chopping off the end of our *Brie de Meaux*. Justin provided the music—relaxing 50's Zimmer-frame music. Mike and Justin provided the wine—indispensable Australian Shiraz. The caravan is filled with rain sodden ruck-sacs and the like. Good humour mostly abounds in spite of an awful rain saturated day, Mike gaining enough humour to renew the masking tape around my/Justin's drawing board. No doubt this is caravan—digging life at its best. [Sue H]

Helen is a taker. She is wholly careless of those around her. We wait for her, we clear up after her. She takes our hospitality, she takes British Academy money, she takes Sue's positive discrimination, and squanders it. Today, for example, she was late. *I* had to wait for her. When she got out she left a half scooped grapefruit in the back of my van and a dirty tea cup. She has unilaterally imported two men into the sociologists' caravan, Gary and a complete stranger unconnected with the project—and yet we all made an undertaking not to bring friends or spouses with us on the project. This is not egalitarianism, it is one rule for you and another for me.

Joking today, Mike [W] pulled an expression—lower lip thrust out—I had first seen during an interview carried out by members of the excavation team earlier during the project. He had cracked under what I supposed guiltily to be too much pressure. But this makes me wonder. Is he real or is he not? It would be easy to conclude that all these people are frauds, that when I fed Mike my best whisky—all I could think to do to bring him round—he was taking the piss. Who knows what a socio-anthropological training entails? But it is too elaborate. Mike is not that sophisticated—surely? It is the project and its conflicts making me paranoid.

[For some reason—egoism, I suspect—all of us on the project fell victim to Vain Imaginings. Differences were expressed as criticisms and as such taken personally. People were offended. A professional statement became a personal attack. Sue you're so empirical: you're narrow minded and backward. Big Foot, in comparison to archaeological methodology, yours... beggars belief. Mike you're a complete tosser. Usually of course this does not matter. Hierarchies, both vertical and lateral, by weighting the view of different groups differently, protect us from those we find unpalatable. But we were supposed to be equal and the views of a tosser (should have) carried as much weight as those of a social theorist. I have been told, when you worked in Bulgaria you had to undergo a madness test. "Are you mad," they would ask you. Before commencing work on this project perhaps we should have been asked, "Have you an ego?" Anyone answering anything other than "No" would have been rejected and Big Foot could have spent three seasons wandering about Leskernick in peace.]

Tony is much more straight forward. We *know* what he's after. "Watch him," I'm warned, "he's clever." But I'm not so sure. Of course he is not stupid, I am not suggesting that, but his consistency—wanting to interview my team in my time, accusing Eric of "setting the agenda" because of his reluctance to give up people during precious digging time, arranging with Sue to have me transport his goods, i.e. his clear view of his pre-eminent position in the project is rather stolid. Compared to this Mike is either clever, or *very* stupid. Take your pick. I



know which one it will be. Tony is easier to dislike. In this way exactly he is like Eric. The difference is that Tony is much smarter than Eric. His questions, though normative, give you the opportunity not to be normative in reply. If the intention is to draw out the questionee, they are the best sort of questions, for they allow full reign to his ego. This is good socio-anthropological practice. What on the hill is, natural, cultural, ambiguous? he asks. Position, shape, weather, geology, relationships; domesticates, us; vegetation (peat), the horses, the ruinous state of the settlement etc., I answer. Very fancy. The trouble is I would never have thought this if I had not been asked in the first place. Our unprompted diaries have far greater validity. [MST]

### **Thursday** [no date]

Big Foot has this evening said "Hello" to Justin. This doubles the number of syllables he has addressed to Justin at any one time. A great improvement. [MST]

Justin and I had dinner with Sue. She dangled her hair in her soup. Later we caught her flinging her hair back and blushing. "I blush all the time," she said when I mentioned this. [MST]

SHE COULDN'T CHEW IT. [JR]

Freedom. [MST]

### **Postscript**

The diary ends here for the same reason entries were made on a few days only. Justin and I were tired, we had paperwork to do or the pub or Sue's cooking beckoned. On one or two days it was all of these things. A few harder or longer entries were omitted out of laziness.

Towards the end of the 1997 season, Big Foot provided me with a story I have told many times since. I am in the caravan he shares with Sue. He enters by his door, stumbling a little. It soon becomes apparent that he is upset—about the art. Possibly it has something to do with Angus, who'd asked if he'd thought of painting the stones pink with white spots. Big Foot's voice is fraught, almost violent. "People," he says, "seem to think what's important in this project is occurring elsewhere." Of course I feel uncomfortable but I am fixed there. On the one hand, I have an idea about its value which I am curious to try out on him. (To the extent that these stone were significant, they weren't really stones. By emphasising this you reproduce the relationship—if not the meaning.) On the other hand, he is behaving—shall we say—interestingly. Sue tries to calm him, expressing an interest in the art and trying to explain the "misunderstanding", but he won't have it. She tries to deflect his attention, asking questions. He has laid a newspaper on the carpet onto which he puts his dirty brushes and pours turps. Sue is literally on her knees: "That's an interesting brush"—anything. I am reminded of someone manipulating a



child. The paper is soaked. When he removes it, and sees the wet carpet, he groans. He puts the tin of turps down and rubs on the carpet till it is clean, but when he picks up the tin again there is a white mark. Again he groans. All the time he has been working fast, his frantic actions mirroring the speed and repetition of his monomania. Now he pours out more turps, and, putting the tin down again, begins to rub the white mark with his fingers. But the carpet has been marked again. The tin is tipped up and he begins again. He repeats this several times. As this proceeds, Sue looks at me—an interrogatory look; helpless “Do you see it?” But actually Big Foot is coming round. The violence remains, however. When he has finished—the floor surprisingly clean (a plastic carpet, I am thinking)—the wine is put down between us, his big hands working arbitrarily on the tap, his shiny red eyes and fixed smile manic still but keen now instead of fraught. Wine has removed all his inhibitions, and grinning broadly he begins—quite blatantly—to work on me. What would I like to excavate? Do I not want to work on parts of the site that interest me. You’re not interested in Hut 39... There are a few other stories as well, but it is this people most enjoy.

“How’s the schizophrenic?” Eric asked Young Chris when they met at the Institute a few days ago—this, it turned out, was me. Eric is doing an MA now, Helen has deferred hers and I have been refused funding for mine. All this seems terribly predictable and terribly ironic to me.

Big Foot is now a professor.

Ash Rennie, who was with us last year, and who is also doing an MA, read a recent piece by Barbara. “It was surprisingly good,” he said with a smile.

[MST]